wise, therefore, to have something to eat before we leave."

"I think that is sensible," Luella agreed, "but, please, ask the proprietor for something which Enrico will enjoy. As he is not used to English food, he will not have a taste for roast beef and apple pie!"

She was making a joke, and when Alberto Drago realised it he laughed. "The English do eat other things besides that!" he said.

"Have you been here often?" Luella questioned.

"A number of times," he replied, "and I have some friends who are always pleased to see me."

Luella was sure they were the ones who had kept him out so late last night. She was therefore not surprised when they set off on their journey that Alberto Drago fell asleep. He was soon snoring loudly.

Enrico on the other hand was delighted to be on the move again. He begged to be allowed to sit up on the box with the coachman. At the first place they stopped to change horses Luella asked the coachman if he would have Enrico up beside him.

The coachman agreed saying: "If 'e falls orf, Missus, don' blame me! Oi've got a son o' me own, an Oi knows wot mischief they gets up ter!"

Luella told Enrico he had to be very good and not fidget, but just watch the horses. " 'Rico drives them," he pleaded.

"When you are older you can do that," Luella answered, "and perhaps when you are in the country your father will give you a pony."

" 'Rico wanns beeg horse, verry beeg horse!" Enrico said firmly.

"Then you will have to grow very much bigger than you are at the moment," Luella told him.

They set off again, and now it was growing late in the afternoon. Luella asked Alberto Drago how much further they had to go. He did not know, but thought it would not be very much further.

Soon after this they left the main road and were driving along narrow lanes with high hedges. It was now impossible for the two horses to go at all fast. They were also held up for nearly half-an-hour by a farm-wagon in front of them. The lane was far too narrow for them to be able to pass it.

Luella thought it would be a mistake to arrive very late in the evening. Enrico was tired and not at his best. Also she had the feeling that the Duke would, like most men, resent unexpected visitors late in the evening. "Surely we cannot have much further to go?" she asked Mr Drago.

It was then the man who was driving them admitted that he had lost his way. They went on until they came to a public house and their driver went inside to ask for directions. Alberto Drago got out to hold the horses' heads. Luella was sure that, as they, too, were tired, they would not wander away. The coachman did not reappear for a long time. Luella guessed he was not only chatting to the proprietor, but doubtless having a drink while he was doing so. At last he emerged and told them there were another three miles to go.

Luella knew it would take time if the roads were twisted and narrow like those on which they had just been travelling. In fact they were far worse, and they also had to cross two fords. This delighted